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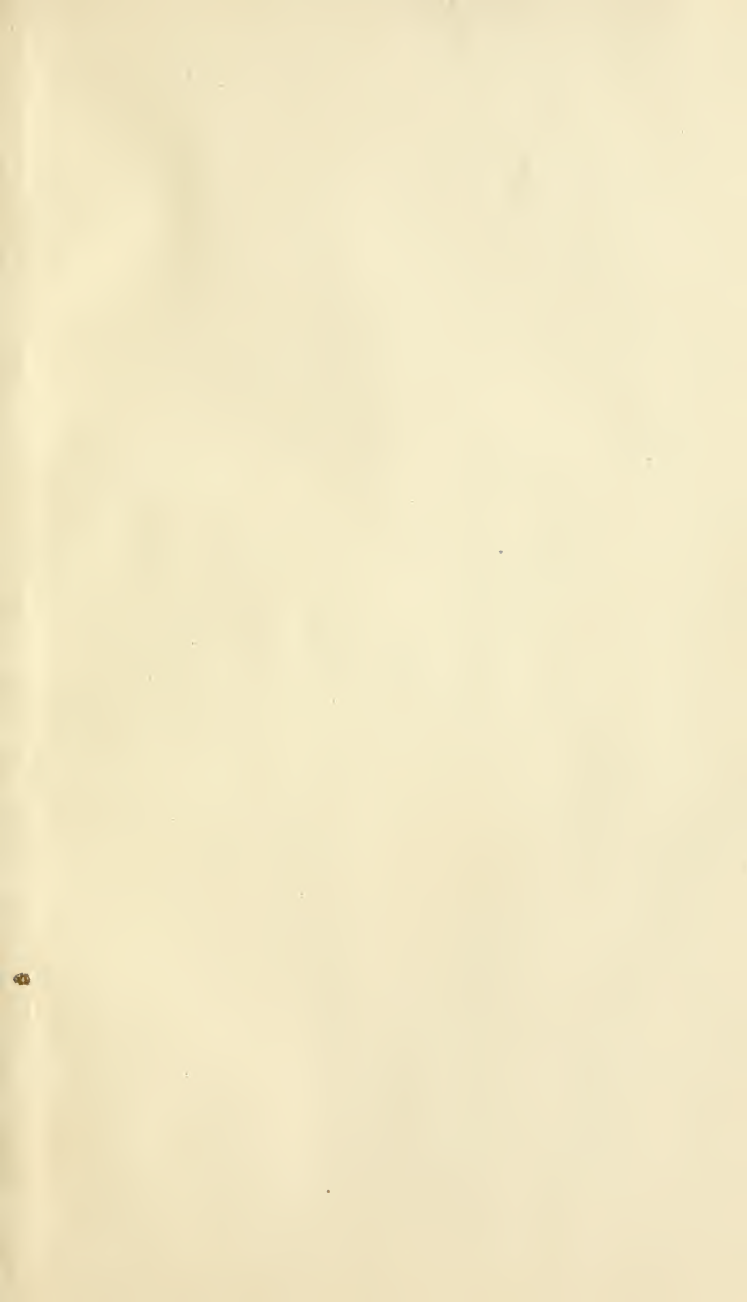
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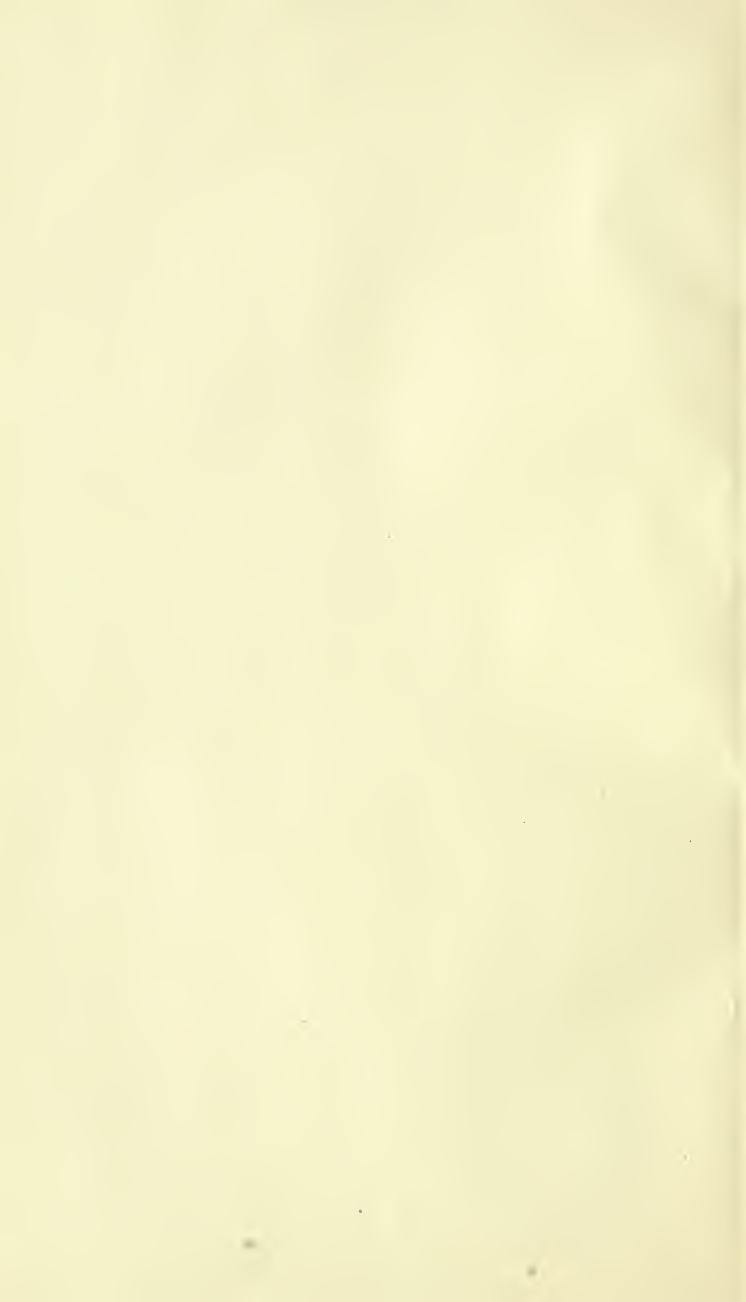




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MISSIONARY PAPER,

No. VII.

NOTICES OF CHIPPEWAY CONVERTS.

Ferry, William Montague

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MISSIONARY PAPER, NO. VII.

NOTICE OF CHIPPEWAY CONVERTS.

THE nature and excellence of the object which the friends of foreign missions aim to accomplish, cannot probably be shewn more plainly, than by an exhibition of the character of those individuals on whom the gospel has exerted its transforming power. The design of this Paper is to present to the patrons of missions such an exhibition of what has been effected, by their contributions and prayers, in the case of a few Indian converts.

Such cases should be noticed, because they illustrate the manner in which the grace of God searches out the objects of his saving mercy, finding them ignorant and far removed from all Christian watchfulness and instruction, directing their way amidst the most inauspicious circumstances, and at last bringing them under the sound of the gospel, and renewing their hearts.

It is interesting to see how the truths of the gospel, applied by the Holy Spirit, operate, when first presented to minds which have grown to some maturity in ignorance of them; and to observe the analogy between the feelings of those under the influences of the Spirit, among the heathen, and of those who are operated upon by the same Spirit, in the congregations of a Christian land. There is manifested the same view of the human character, of the need of divine aid, of the guilt of sin, and of the appropriateness of the doctrines of the gospel; connected with the same change of external character, corresponding with the new light which has dawned on the mind.

Such narratives also bring before the mind in a striking manner the contrast between those who are without the gospel, and those who enjoy its light and embrace it. The effects of the change on individuals and neighborhoods, for this life and the future, cannot be estimated. The missionary and his patrons see in these converts living proofs, that their work is feasible, and that God approves of their labors and is co-operating with them. They also see the greatness of their work, which is to effect a similar change in the whole heathen population of the globe.

[These narratives were furnished by the Rev. W. M. Ferry, missionary at Mackinaw, and may be relied upon as being authentic. The various individuals mentioned are members of the mission family.]

Eliza, an Indian Woman.

Her Life, before Conversion.

The Indian name of Eliza was O-dah-be-tuh-ghe-zhe-go-quai, signifying in English the Mid-way-sky-woman, or the place of the sun at noon. She was born near the Aunee, about three hundred miles up the south shore of Lake Superior; and is by descent of the Chippe-way, or, more properly, O-jib-e-way tribe. She does not know her age, but is probably not far from forty-five years old.

Being of influential connections, (her uncle a principal chief,) she was selected to become an interpreter of dreams. This took place when she was probably about 16 or 17 years old. Her merits for this rank or honor must, according to their superstition, be decided by her living ten days in a separate lodge, without any other nourishment than a little water each night. She faithfully observed the prescribed abstinence, although it nearly cost her her life. Her bodily strength was almost exhausted; and on being brought out of the lodge, probably from being too plentifully fed, she fell sick, and did not recover for several moons. And yet, of her own accord, soon after she got well, she fasted nine days more. From this time she was considered an extraordinary being. The clan would not permit her to work, but provided for her a wigwam of

distinction, and constantly supplied her with the best of their every thing, both food and clothing.

She was also furnished with a large *otter skin*, or *medicine sack*, stored with every necessary article, either for magical cure of the sick, or for interpreting dreams. This sack, which she carefully preserved, was her badge of honor; and in all their medicine dances she was greatest among the great. One proof of which was taking the lead in drinking whiskey. In this way she became so excessively intemperate, that in one of these scenes she lost her sack. This was during the last war, at the commencement of which she came from Lake Superior, and resided on the main land west of Mackinaw. Another sack was provided her; but this she kept only about two years. Near this time she lost one of her children, which, together with the loss of her second sack, and the neglect of the Indians, so dispirited her, that she abandoned herself to every vice. About nine years ago she lost another child, the third of four. Then for a while she listened to advice, and stopped drinking. But it was not long before she was allured away into the woods by an Indian man and woman, where whiskey had been previously carried, and there those two persuaded her to drink with them. In this drunken frolic, through jealousy, as she supposes, but without any just provocation, the other woman fell upon her, and cut off her nose. This was the greatest disgrace, in her estimation, that she could possibly suffer. And for a long time her friends had to watch her to keep her from destroying her life. Once she tried to hang herself. At another time, returning from Mackinaw, where she with other Indians had been for whiskey, she threw herself into the lake, but the Indian in the stern caught her by the hair, and drew her again into the canoe. After this she began to think that the unknown Indian, who, as she supposed, had the care of her life, was unwilling that she should kill herself, and she gave up all further attempts to effect it. Having but one child left, she now staid sometimes on the island of Mackinaw, and sometimes on the main land, with no fixed object but to get whiskey by every possible means.

The first knowledge I had of her was in the fall of 1823. Soon after our school was opened to receive children, I one day met her boy, and on ascertaining who he was, I went with an interpreter to the lodge of the mother. A wretch-

edly destitute and miserable scene we witnessed. At that time no persuasion could induce her to let me have her son. But going the second time, and the boy himself being willing, she at length reluctantly gave her consent. However, in a few days he ran away, and though I obtained him again, yet through the winter the mother watched for opportunities to get him. The following spring, more out of pity than for our convenience, I employed her, first in the kitchen, and afterwards at the sugar camp on Bois Blanc, a neighboring island, on condition that she would drink no whiskey and conduct herself properly. By much counsel and care, she did so much better than my fears, that I finally told her, that, provided she would be steady, and do such work as she was able, she might have a home with us. From that time, I believe, she never had but three or four seasons of intoxication.

First Religious Impressions.

It is now about three years since her serious attention to religion commenced, the amount of which for some length of time was very fluctuating. While under the sound of instruction she would be more or less affected, sometimes to tears. For several years, during the hours of Sabbath school, we have had a separate school for Indian women and others, mostly under the care of Mrs. F., for the purpose of reading and explaining the Scriptures, tracts, &c. It was at these meetings that Eliza was often affected; though afterwards, as she says, she would throw the subject off, and become in a measure indifferent. Again, perhaps, impressed with the idea that there could be no mercy for such a creature as she was, and the thought of her religious state making her unhappy, she would avoid being present at these meetings. Under this same impression, she could not think it right for her to come with us to family worship, or to the evening meetings of the females. Yet, she says, she often felt so strong a desire to hear the sound of prayer and singing, that she has gone to the door of the room, and remained there as long as she thought she could without being discovered—sometimes till nearly frozen. Most of that winter passed with such uneasiness of mind, that, when not daring to look to God herself for mercy, because she was such a sinner, she would feel it a kind of re-

lief to overhear the worship of others; as if God might possibly hear their prayers, though she was unworthy to be present.

During the spring, while at the sugar camp, she says, she was greatly distressed during the whole time. When gathering sap, she often had feelings like these—‘Here I am, going the same round daily from tree to tree, and can find no relief—I must always carry this wicked heart, and when I die be miserable forever.’—The pious Indian woman who had charge of the sugar camp, used to talk some with her; and after seasons of prayer, would perhaps ask her if she did not feel the importance of joining in heart with her. She said she did. And though there was to her mind no prospect of ever being better, yet she would, as she says, forget herself and feel strong desires for mercy. After her return, she thought, as she says, that every one must look upon her condition as a hopeless one; and, as before, she often staid away from meetings, because she thought herself unfit to be there. Most of the following summer she spent at the farm, where at times she seemed to awake to an affecting view of her dreadful state, and with such feelings that she would go off from the house, and pray and weep much alone: but for the most part she indulged in despair, without relief.

The next fall we had unusual sickness in the family, and Eliza and her son were left at the farm alone for two or three weeks. They also were both taken sick; and probably suffered somewhat for the want of nursing, before we were aware of it, and could bring them home. In reference to this time, she says, that after she was taken sick, she thought with herself, that she had found no relief to her mind in *our way*, meaning that of Christians, and that she would again try her *old way* of medicine songs; and that she spent the greater part of several nights in songs and her former Indian mummery. After she was brought home, she discontinued this; but she thinks she lost nearly all anxiety about her soul, and seemed to have no feeling further than to take care of Joseph, her son, as he failed. He talked with her considerably, but she said she did not feel it much; that she was like one who had lost her senses, and nothing seemed to move her feelings. A few days before Joseph’s death, he had a long conversation with her; told her that he should die soon, and that he wanted her to promise him never to drink any more whiskey; to remain

with the mission family; listen to their instructions; and pray every day to God; then, when she died, she would go to God with him. At first she told him that if he died she would die too. But Joseph said that was wrong; that it would not be as she said when to die; but that God only had a right to have her die when he wished. At length she promised him that she would remember and do as he had requested.

During the whole scene attending Joseph's death and funeral, her behavior was singularly calm and solemn: so much so, that it was noticed by all. Many a professing Christian mother might have received from her in that afflictive scene, a silent, though awful reproof, for immoderate grief. When she perceived that his spirit was really gone, the tears rolled, and she exclaimed, 'My son! my son!' in Indian: but farther than this, not a complaint nor groan was heard to escape her lips.

After the funeral, I sat down with her, and had a long conversation. Among other things I asked her, why it was that she appeared as she had done: whether it had been so at the death of her other children? To this last she said, no; and gave some account of her feelings and conduct—how she had, as is common among the Indians, wailed and mangled her own body in self-affliction. In answer to the former part, she said, 'I have no such feelings now—God is good, and I feel that what he has done must be right.' Although she expressed no consciousness of the love of God in her soul, yet she furnished comfortable evidence to my mind, that her feelings were under the sanctifying influence of the Holy Spirit. On the following night, as she now relates, while fixing her bed, all which had passed between her and Joseph, a few days before his death, rushed upon her mind like a torrent, awakening at the same time an impression that there was no hope for her soul: but in a moment, she determined with herself to pray once more that God would have mercy. For the purpose of greater retirement, she started to go to the cellar, and while descending the stairs, as if she could go no further, she settled down, and began to pour out her desires. This is the last distinct recollection she has of any thing that took place then. How or when she got back she has no knowledge. Between 11 and 12 o'clock, I heard a distressed noise, and lighting a candle immediately, I went to her and found her apparently

asleep; and upon awaking her, I asked if she was sick? she said, No; and I went back. The first that she remembered was seeing me with a candle in my hand. She afterwards, as she says, engaged in prayer again, and was then, for the first time, conscious of enjoyment in the love of Christ. The next morning her soul was so filled with love for all the members of the family, that, as she saw one and another, she says, she felt that her own children had never been so near to her heart as they. Now she felt so entirely reconciled to the death of Joseph, that she had no inclination to grieve. At times, she says, her mind would recur to the scene of his death; but to use her own expressions literally interpreted, 'I felt as if I was in a narrow, happy way, and if a thought came to me about Joseph, it seemed like being drawn out of this way, and I longed to get back again immediately.' With these happy feelings towards God and Christians, she now for the first time thought a great deal of her own people. 'Oh if they could only see as I do, how happy would they be.'

Advancement in Piety.

When asked about the state of her mind afterwards, she said, 'I have always been happy in God since then. The more I have had a view of the love of God in Christ, and the longer I have lived, the more I have desired to love him, and to love him more and more, and to be more and more like him in my soul. I do not know that I have since had any sorrow of soul so great as I have had for those who are ignorant of God. Much sorrow I have often had for them. Sometimes when going into church, or while there, it has made me weep to think of those who do not love God. There has never been one day, since I found peace to my soul, when I did not feel that God was with me.' The reason which she assigns for this mercy is, that God will soon take her out of the world, and that he is pleased to be thus preparing her for his presence. 'Every Sabbath,' she says 'I have felt that this leaves me one Sabbath less to be in this world, and brings me one Sabbath nearer the time when I shall be with Christ.'

Here, on being particularly questioned, she related three instances when, for a time, her mind was troubled. A

year ago she was reduced quite low, and one evening word was brought us that she was dying. On going to her room, she was found to be very languid, but after some time revived, so as to be able to converse. She was questioned relative to her views and feelings, to which she gave answers expressive of joy in the prospect of being soon with God. She answered one of the sisters to this effect, 'I long to be gone, I want to have the time come. Afterwards she felt that she had expressed impatience, and it grieved her exceedingly; so that she had several seasons of weeping between that and the following Sabbath morning. Another time to which she referred, she had gone to bed, and, as she supposes, had not slept long, when she awoke, and felt a desire to pray. She arose and knelt down, but had been engaged but a few moments before she drowsed. This occurred again; but awaking the second time, she was alarmed at herself, and feared that her love to God was all dying; and so great was her distress that it banished every sleepy feeling. With fears and a burdened heart, she set about prayer in earnest; nor did she leave off until her tears of sorrow were turned into tears of joy. Then her soul was so full that she could not sleep, and the remainder of the night was spent in prayer, and joy that God was with her.

The other instance was on an occasion when the girls had made some remarks to her, from which she thought, that, as she was always sick, they and the rest of the family considered her as burdensome, and wished her away. This made her feel unhappy for a few hours, but before night, she obtained that relief in prayer which restored peace to her soul.

I afterwards put several questions to her, which follow, together with her answers.

You have said that before you found peace in Christ, you did for a long time—for many months—feel yourself miserably wretched, and that you often prayed; was it for the sake of these prayers that God gave you peace? or was there any good in them?—'No; it was because of Christ's pity to my soul; because he died for poor sinners; and it was of God's mercy that missionaries were sent to teach me.'—Do you mean to have me understand from all you have said, that you never had any fears that you were deceived; no time in which you have doubted whether you had

a part in the Savior or not? 'I have always felt sure that God has had mercy on my soul; and the more I have thought of my old wicked life, it has been like one pushing me nearer to God: it has made me feel more humble in myself: and a strong desire to live only for him'—But should God take away his Spirit from your heart and leave you to yourself what do you think would become of you? 'I should be good for nothing.'—Have you any fears that God will ever take away his Spirit from your soul?—'No.'—Why?—'From what I have heard of his word, he has promised to keep those that trust in him; and I believe he is faithful to his word.'

There have been several times when in your sickness you have been very low, and have had reason to think you would live but a few hours or days; have you, at none of these times, been unwilling or afraid to die?—'No.'—Have you always felt, that if it were God's will, it would be a privilege to die, and you would be glad to have the time come? 'Yes, I have. This fall, when I was very sick for two days and nights, and felt that God only could make me better or take me away, I thought, if it were his will, how glad I should be to know that I was dying, that I might be with God.'—A year ago last spring, [1828] you was baptized and received into the church; can you tell me any thing of your feelings at that time about the ordinances?—'After I understood their design, that Christ had commanded them, and why he had done it, I had a very strong desire to be baptized and to receive the sacrament; nor is there any thing in this world that I have felt to be so great a privilege. When at the table I was baptized, and promised solemnly to be for God, I really felt in my heart every word, and that I was now all the Lord's, and no more for myself or for any other. I was happier than I can express, in the privilege of being there with the love of God in my heart; and when receiving the bread and wine, I felt that I could not be thankful enough to God for bringing me to the table once. I thought I should come there no more but that the next time, I should be at God's table in heaven.'—You see that it has not been as you thought. You have communed several times: have those always been precious seasons to your soul? 'Yes, every one of them.'—Have they been as precious as the first one?—Yes: as I have heard more of the Savior,

and have learnt more of his love from the Bible, I have felt each time, if possible, more and more near, and happy in him.'—What good do you think that baptism or the sacrament could do you, without a heart to love the Savior?—'None. There would be no joy to my soul in them.'—Could you have this joy and peace of which you have told me, if you did not, as far as you know, strive to obey God in all things?—'No; I could not. Though unable to do any thing with my hands to help the family and to labor for God, it is my sincere desire daily to have my heart much in prayer for them and for the salvation of their souls; and because God lets me live, I believe he wishes me to be devoted in spirit to this.'—Do you think you love God and souls as much as you ought?—'No: I try to love, but do not feel so much as I ought.'—When do you expect to have perfect love to God and souls? At first she answered, 'Never;' thinking I meant while in the body. Afterwards she said, 'When I get to heaven.'

Respecting the foregoing narrative, Mr. Ferry remarks—

I have written it as taken from the woman through an interpreter, and as having in part fallen under my own observation. I have scrupulously avoided any thing like a more favorable coloring than facts would justify. The statements have been read by those who have had most knowledge of the subject of them, and of her exercises, and they believe that the impression which will naturally be left on the mind of the reader will be less striking than the reality. In respect to uninterrupted peace and spirituality of mind, the case of this woman is unlike any other which I ever knew. Aware that some will at once set it down as untrue, or a delusion, I have faithfully tried, but in vain, to draw from her something which would warrant me in truth to cloud some part of her Christian life with doubt; but you might as well attempt to make her disbelieve her existence, as to convince her that she has been left to go mourning the hiding of God's countenance from her soul. She is indeed a favored child, ripening fast for glory: sick or well, in pain or at ease, she always meets us with a placid, and most commonly with a smiling, countenance. She is afflicted with consumptive complaints, and for many

months has raised blood freely: we expected that before this she would have been at rest.

She was spared to remain before the mission family a monument of grace and an example of patience and ripening holiness, till Nov. 23, 1830.

At the time of her decease, she exhibited, says Mr Ferry, the character of the believer triumphing in death. For many months she had been almost daily looking for her departure. 'Though suffering much in body, yet she was uniformly patient and happy. She repeatedly said, on the day of her death, 'I think I shall go to-day.' At night she shook hands with some of the members of the mission family, and with a smile spoke of it as the last time. But a few minutes before her death, in allusion to David's words, she said she feared no evil. Surely no unbeliever, observing her course down the valley, could any longer doubt the reality of religion, or deny the importance of carrying the tidings of the gospel to the unlettered savage.

Early Life and Conversion of C. W. R.

A MEMBER OF THE MISSION SCHOOL AT MACKINAW.

The Indian name of C. W. R. was Me-sai-ain-se. She is half Indian, though by habit of life, and by language, she was a full native of the wilderness, having lived far in the interior, south or southwest of Magdalen Island, or St. Michael's Point, upon Lake Superior. Her home, previous to entering the mission family, was about two days march distant from what is called Lac Coutree. She lived with an aunt, and belonged to a class, by distinction or ceremonies, known as the Me-ta-we. The summer that she left home, she was to have been received as a full priestess or conjurers. She had gone through all the previous mummeries, and was then on the ten days singing, or finishing scene; when an uncle, who had given her her name, and hence had a right to control her, arrived, and said he had been told in a dream that she must not become one of the Me-ta-we. 'This was enough. All her former plan of life was in consequence abandoned, and he took her away. She was also, that summer, while with her uncle, one of the party in the Indian dance around the scalps of

some whites, murdered by those Indians who were afterwards imprisoned at Mackinaw. She came down with the traders, and was received into the family in July, 1825. She understood only the O-jib-e-way language, and was probably between fourteen and fifteen years old.

At my request, says Mr. Ferry, she gave the account, (which in substance had been given to us all before,) with this solemn injunction, that she would give what she knew to be truth, and no more nor less.—It will be seen that there is something of sameness in the narrative, because I have only felt at liberty, while following her track, to shape her own ideas into the most intelligible English. From her hopeful conversion to the present time, she has generally enjoyed much peace of mind. She says she has seasons, when conscious of little spirituality, she has been much distressed for fear she should be deceived, because it was not with her as in days past: but never, she says, has she been conscious of such a state of feeling, that she could not say from the heart, I am ready and willing to live and die for Christ. And her whole deportment has been strikingly characteristic of such a state of mind. She was received into church fellowship, with two other girls, at our communion season in April, 1823: and I presume I speak but the feelings of the family, when I say, that there has been no more faithful missionary to her friends and others, among us than she. The following is her account.

‘Two years ago the present summer, [1823] I began first to have serious thoughts about my soul. When hearing the Scriptures interpreted, what God says in them respecting the wicked, and especially when hearing M. [a pious girl in the family,] praying in the native language for the salvation of the poor ignorant Indians, I first began to think, ‘Perhaps I am one of those ignorant wicked ones.’ And I began to use some Catholic prayers, which I had in part learnt, thinking these would do me good. But M. told me these were only prayers of the mouth, and not right with God; that God knew all our hearts; and that we must pray from our hearts as we felt, if we hoped to have God hear us. With this said to me, which I supposed to be true, I used to try to pray. Sometimes I could only use a few words, and did not know what was the matter with me; but often, in meeting and at other times, I was distressed with the thought, that I might be sent away with the wicked.

I can now see, that I had then no sense of the wickedness of my heart. The more I heard the word of God explained, and was questioned respecting it, and informed that not only our actions were bad in God's sight, but our thoughts and feelings were displeasing and wicked before him, the more was I led to look at my life, and at particular things which I had done; and from this review, to think more of my heart, that there was something very bad and which I began to see was wicked, in my thoughts and feelings.

"Preparatory to the first season of communion, after my uneasy state of mind, while helping to prepare the table service, I was told that none but those who loved God had any right or privilege at his table. I then felt as if I should never be permitted to come there, as I knew nothing of God. All the night following I lay awake, distressed at the situation in which I began to see myself; and thought, as I had lived so long without thinking of God, or rather knowing that there was such a glorious Being in the heavens, that he would never have any thing to do with me; that I was too bad to have him think upon or help me. The next day Miss O. read, and had interpreted to the girls, that portion of Scripture where Christ instituted the supper, and explained to us the reason and design of the sacrament. Afterwards, when seeing the church around the table, with all the affecting scene before my eyes, I had a *feeling* that there was truth in these things, such as I had not had before. And not only was my mind more deeply distressed for myself; but seeing so many around me, (compared with the small number at the table,) who I supposed must be in the same wicked and dangerous condition with myself, my feelings of anguish became indescribable. On leaving church, while alone in my room, the thought came to my mind, 'Why need I be so distressed? there are no others who appear to feel as I do: perhaps it is because these things are new to me: when I become more used to them, they will not affect me so: and it may be that I too may come to love God.'

"After this, while any of the family were giving me and the other girls instruction, I used often to think, 'I won't let these things trouble me so much.' And if at any time I found my mind considerably excited, I would immediately try to check and do away my feelings; as it were, saying

to myself, 'It is enough for me to learn little by little: I won't be such a fool: by and by I shall do well enough, when I come to know more.' With this impression I almost neglected prayer. To such a degree did I give myself up to this feeling, that for a long time it was but seldom that I would attempt to pray, lest my mind should be too much frightened or distressed.

"The next thing that troubled me was the parable of the sower, which I heard read to me, and upon which I was requested to meditate, and give my opinion, when I supposed I understood the meaning. This troubled me much; because, after fixing on what I supposed the way-side and the stony ground meant, I thought they both represented much of my heart: nor could I resist the anxiety which the thought produced. This state of mind remained and grew worse for some time, until I was arrested with this thought, that it might bring me to sickness, or derangement, or a worse evil; and I determined that I would try to do as far as possible what was right for God, and in the mean time would avoid indulging in anxiety."

Here she related a train of feelings, for several months, amounting to nothing essentially more favorable. The narration exhibited a fluctuating, unhappy state; sometimes awaked to anxious distress under instruction, and again endeavoring to settle into indifference or ease of mind. At one time this struggle was severe, occasioned by the death of a little boy in the family. At another, on the arrival of her relatives last summer, Miss O. asked her why she did not talk with and instruct them? Here her mind was again aroused. She says she felt in keen distress for a time, shuddering at the thought of showing others what to do, when this condemned herself. This she thought would be to look after a mote in their eye, with a beam in her own. At length, when Miss M. was lying very sick, and her death daily expected, she came into the room, and among other things Miss M. said to her, 'I suppose you are not willing to have me die; but if you only had a good hope in the Savior, it would not be long before we should meet again in heaven, and be forever happy together.'

"This," said she, "came home to my heart. It was more than I could well endure; and I resolved that I would pray for mercy *as long as I had life*. From that time I was much in prayer; and often able to get little or no rest

through the night. When Miss M. and Mr. F. were about leaving home for their journey last fall, my mind was deeply affected and distressed. I thought it would be right in God, who had been so merciful as to send him here to instruct us, and be as a father to us, to take away his life; and that I, with the other children who had not believed in Christ, might never see him again. How can I endure the thought! I will try, I will pray, and perhaps, though I don't deserve it, God will send him back and give mercy to my soul, that I may love the Savior. When I saw the vessel under sail, I went alone and prayed earnestly that God would preserve them; and that I might, if he could be so merciful, have a heart given me to improve the providence of taking them away.

"This anxiety continued. I felt after this no inclination to give up prayer. I often thought how I had promised to God, and were I not to do as I had promised, I should lie to him; and then he would have no more mercy on me. I felt this to be my last time, my only hope. My mind was so pressed, that many times I could not sleep, and was often compelled, as it were, to get up and seek relief in prayer.

"One Wednesday evening, after meeting, Miss C. fell in with me, having walked out, as I also had done, and had a long talk with me: and though I did not express to her any other than anxiety of mind for salvation, yet I was angry. In my agony of distress and anger, I had such thoughts as these, 'What business have you to talk so to me? it don't concern you what becomes of my soul: you have not to suffer for my sins: Why not, then, let me alone, and not torment me.' After Mrs. C. left me, reflecting on the feelings I had indulged, I felt, if possible, worse than ever. Although I was aware that Mrs. C. knew nothing of my feelings, yet I knew they were not hid from God, and must be very displeasing: surely, thought I, I am lost.

"The following Saturday evening there was a prayer-meeting in the girls' room; after which Miss C. made remarks to this amount, 'That she was afraid some of those professing so much anxiety, were deceived, judging from their conduct; for surely, if they were so anxious, they would have given themselves to the Savior before now.' This was like a knife to my heart. What can I do? At first, after going to the bed-room with M. and C., who were

also distressed, we tried to pray together. But I found this was no place for me; and the whole night I spent alone; now and then only awakened to keener agony from hearing the sobs of M. in the opposite room. Sabbath morning, leaving my room a little after day-light, I saw M. standing by her bed, and with a smile on her countenance, look at her little girl. The thought rushed upon me, that she must have found a Savior; for I had never seen a smile on her countenance before. [Meaning, since her anxiety.] Now she is going to begin a new, a happy Sabbath, and I am left with this wicked heart to profane the day! For a moment, as I heard one of the girls exclaim, 'M. has found the Savior,' I felt disposed to envy her. But no—I thought—this is making me more wicked; I will try to follow her: and I left the house for the cedars, designing, at the time, to spend the day there, though I did not. I can give no just account of my mind through the Sabbath and Monday: I can only say, I had, as it seemed to me, every wicked feeling: my heart was so hard I could not weep; I could not shed a tear: it seemed a *perfect combat*.

"Tuesday morning, after breakfast, Mr. H. came to my room, and talked with me a good deal: he told me this might perhaps be the last day the Lord would give me; and why will you not submit? He explained to me many verses of the Bible; and during this time my heart got some feeling: it seemed to melt; and I could weep. The whole of this day I hardly knew where or what I was. Sometimes I apprehended that I must lose my senses; and seeing the other girls so different from myself, for a moment I would half resolve to endeavor to be like them; supposing that otherwise I must soon be crazy. But a reacting thought and feeling would bring me back to all the keenness of my agony. Before supper I was in the girls' sewing room, where Miss O. read from the Bible and talked with the girls. I staid till I dare stay no longer, lest I should break out in something dreadful before them, through derangement. I got to my bed-room; and throwing myself on the bed, I lay for some time unconscious of any thing but the fire within: nor durst I even shut my eyes, for fear I should find myself in death, actually sinking into the flames of hell.

"After a time, how long I don't know, becoming more conscious of my state, and collected in mind, these were

my feelings: 'I have tried every way, and all in vain: I cannot help myself: neither prayers nor anxiety do any good: they lead to no relief. It is right, it is just in God to destroy me: I ought to perish. He may do what he pleases: if he sends me to hell, let him do it: and if he show mercy, well: let him do just as he wishes with me.' Here, as in a moment, I had such a kind of *one*, or *whole* view of myself, and a willingness to be in God's hands, that I could lie no longer, and resolved to go in prayer, and throw myself for the last time at the feet of the Savior, and solemnly beg of him to do what he would with me. Just at this time Eliza [an Indian pious woman in the family, who is the subject of the preceding narrative,] came and talked a good deal to me. She told me how easy it was to believe in the Savior if I would; and after talking some time said, 'We will pray together.' Here I lost all my burden: I felt light: a strange feeling that I cannot describe.—I had no thought that I loved Christ, but I was happy; and yet afraid to be happy; was afraid to give indulgence to these feelings: for it would be dreadful, after all, it appeared to me, to go to hell with no feelings of distress about it! Rising from our knees, I was conscious of a smile on my countenance, which I designedly concealed with my handkerchief, lest Eliza should observe it. Leaving the room, Miss O. called me to her bed room to eat some supper prepared for me. I went, but could not eat. Miss O. and Miss C. urged me, and asked why I refused; to which I made no direct answer. When they saw that I either could not or would not eat, they proposed uniting in prayer, in which they each led in succession. Here I was filled with that happiness which I hoped to enjoy in heaven. I do not know but that my enjoyment was as great as it was possible for my soul to have, arising from a view of the love, the nearness, and the glory of the Savior. I seemed to see it, to feel it all, in a fulness of joy beyond expression. At the close of prayer, my mind run on this hymn, 'Alas, and did my Savior bleed!' and without expressing the wish I had to hear this hymn sung, Miss C. in a few moments commenced singing it. The whole hymn possessed my soul in mingled joy, and wonder, and love. Especially the last verses, so that I was here as much lost to myself in the bliss of joy, as I had been before in the anguish of despair. Perhaps my counte-

nance told my feelings; and Miss O. asked me if I could now love that Savior. I answered, I hope I do. This was the first intimation I had dared to give of the peace of my soul. But my joy had swallowed up all fear, and I could not resist the answer. Now I had such a love for all around, as well as for the Savior, that I could have folded them to my bosom. For two days following, night and day, there was little or no abatement of this happiness. I appeared to be in a new world: every thing led me to God: not an object did I see but seemed to say, 'how glorious and lovely is the great God.'

Early Life and Conversion of M. A. W.

M. is a half Indian woman, of the O-jib-e-way nation. She does not know her age, but she is probably between twenty-two and twenty-five years old. She was born at Fort William, or what is called the Grand Portage, on the northern shore of Lake Superior, where she lived till about four years ago. Her father was a Frenchman, and clerk to one of the Hudson Bay traders. He left her mother when M. was about four years old, and has never been seen by her since. About ten years afterwards her mother married another man, and removed with him towards the Rocky mountains. M. has not seen her since. She, with her brother, was left in the family of a trader, where she was required to go to a priest daily to learn the Catholic prayers and catechism, for the purpose of preparing to receive baptism. This course she continued, with more or less regularity, for three years.

Having passed through various scenes, she was brought into the mission family in August, 1826; sometime in the following spring was the first of her being disposed to listen at all to any thing said to her on the subject of religion. She had been often told that prayers which were merely repeated, but do not come from the heart, were good for nothing: and when she now heard Mrs. L. and another Indian woman speaking of their views and feelings, she felt that she had never had any sorrow for the sinfulness of her heart. When questioned, she had heretofore said that she never sinned against God, and she thought that we

must be very wicked when talking so much about a sinful heart. This, together with what she heard from the word of God, made her doubt if she might not be wrong, and in this way she was led step by step, until she became convinced, and gave up her Catholic prayers.

Her own mind at length became so distressed with a view of herself, how she had lived, how she had fought, as it were, against the truth, and the astonishing goodness of God in bringing her here against her will, that often, during that summer, she felt as if she knew not how to go about her work, or where she was. "Being at the farm, I became," she says, "so bad in my own view, that I could not bear to sit at table with the family; I often felt myself so unworthy that I could not eat, and had to leave the table. About this time Mr. H. said very little to me, and I thought he looked upon me as a lost soul, and that my conduct had been so wicked in resisting the light that there was no hope for me. This, though dreadful, I felt to be just and true, and thought I could not have too mean a place, unnoticed by every body. Soon after, there were two days in particular, that I was unable to do any thing, I felt so strangely distressed. The second night I could not go to bed at all, but spent the night in weeping and prayer. It appeared to me that the Savior was near, but still I could not go to him, could not give myself to him, and find peace.

"After this, I lost all anxiety about my soul; and when I prayed, I had no feeling. I continued in this state with no perceptible change, till at a meeting for religious conversation, I was questioned whether I meant to lead the same life I had done, or give up all for Christ: then, as in a moment, it seemed as if all those former feelings which had been my agony, rushed upon my mind; and unable to answer a word, I burst into tears. I remained some time, after all had left the room, in great distress. There I prayed, that if the Lord had not entirely given me up, he would show me more and more of my heart, and give me no peace until I should find it in the Savior. It was then that I resolved that I would seek until I found mercy.

"On the following Saturday evening, after going to my room, I lay down, but could not remain in bed: I spent the time in prayer, and seemed to myself like one on a precipice, just ready to fall, and sometimes bewildered as if los-

ing my reason. In the morning I threw myself on the bed, with a willingness to have God do with me what he would—to save or destroy me. I saw that as I had resisted so much, I had no fault to find, if he now refused to show mercy. But just as if some one had laid hold of me, I got up in a few moments and unconsciously knelt by the bed, where, attempting to pray, I could only thank God. He appeared so good, he seemed so near and so precious, that I could not have words fast enough. I felt in a new world. Can this be that change of which they have told me? I dared not think I had found it; but I was happy. I felt that I was so beyond expression. On going to the window, words cannot express how good and lovely every thing appeared to me, as if full of God. I then concluded that I would take a walk for prayer. I came down and started; but often had to stop in surprise, admiring every thing around me as if it were new. I could hardly believe I was in the same world, and such a season of worship was given me alone as I never knew till then.

When I came back, I awoke the girl who slept with me, and told her I hoped I had found the Savior. She got up, and we united in prayer. My heart was full: every word came from my soul. I can say that I felt it. We then went to the room where the females of the mission family were. Never did they appear so to me before. I could not help loving them; because, as I thought, they loved Christ, and I could not refrain from embracing them, and telling them that this was the first Sabbath I had ever seen. They sung a hymn, and although I did not know how to join with them in voice, yet I did in spirit. The whole of the Sabbath I enjoyed very much, my mind mostly filled with an inexpressible view of God's goodness; and, being asked by some one if I could ever sin against so good a God, I answered, as I then felt, that I could not. But that answer afterwards caused me sorrow. I felt that I had said too much."

The amount of her subsequent exercises shows the Christian with his clouds as well as sunshine. Yet, on the whole, her life manifests the growing Christian, and savors much of one that lives in the spirit of prayer. She was received into the church in the winter of 1828.

